
THE
SNARLERS
A
POEM.

[Price One Shilling and Six-pence.]

ST. JOHN I. R. S.

M. E. O. I.

CHURCH OF THE HOLY TRINITY

NEW YORK

THE
SNARLERS.

A
POEM.

Semper Ego auditor tantum? nunquamne Reponam? JUVENAL.

L O N D O N :

Printed for the AUTHOR;

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M DCC LXVII.



By Thomas Underwood

3 Parts.
34-111

TO THE
R E A D E R.

THE Author of the following Lines, in order to illustrate the Occasion of this his first Essay in Print, thinks it proper to lay before his Reader, an Advertisement which made its Appearance in the *Gazetteer*, upon the 25th of last *November*,---to which (at the Request of a Friend of his) he *would have* returned the Answer which immediately follows it, but was refused the Insertion of it, by the *Gazetteer* Printer in particular, and a very churlish Message returned him with the three Shillings sent with it. The Author thinks it but consistent to add, that

B

the


the first eight Lines were wrote for private Perusal only; but finding, upon further Application to get his Advertisement inserted, that there was no opposing the *connected Sway* of the *despotic Printers*; he then determined upon this Publication.---The Address of the 25th of *November* was, *verbatim*, as follows.

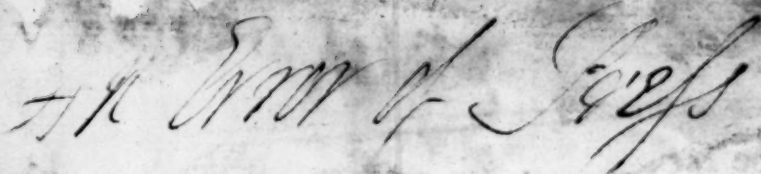
“ To the Curious, *particularly the Ladies*. A young *married Gentleman*, laboring under some Difficulties, and willing to maintain his Family by his own Industry, rather than depend too much on his Friends, having a few vacant Hours in the Week, is willing to wait on any genteel Company with a very *Curious Electrical Machine*, and exhibit many *surprizing Experiments therewith*; besides many others, if required, in *natural Philosophy*.---As he is a Person of great Reputation, *inviolable Secrecy* is required; and this Advertisement is only meant to Persons of Honour.---The Advertiser will leave it entirely to

to their Generosity, to reward according to *Satisfaction*. Please to send a Line to the Piazza Coffee House, *Covent Garden*, directed for *A. P.* and will be punctually attended to."

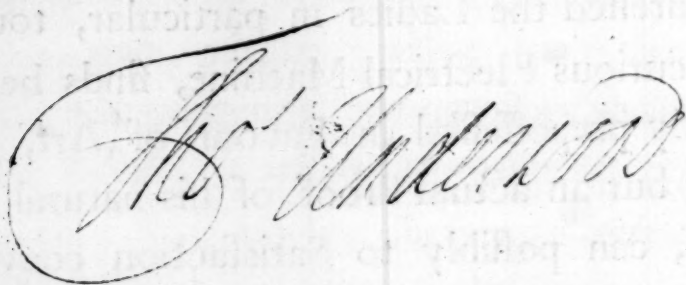
The intended Answer to the above (as from a Lady) is exactly as follows.

"A young Lady (of almost experimental Turn of Mind) captivated with the amazing Ingenuity of the Proposals, from the Gentleman *A. P.* who addressed the Ladies in particular, touching his curious Electrical Machine, finds herself so ideally prepossessed in Favour of ^{his} Art, that nothing but an actual Proof of his natural Philosophy, can possibly to Satisfaction convince her.---An early Display of his sublime Talent is required, by his immediate Attendance upon *Signora Inamorata*, at the *Jupiter* and *Læda*, in the Grove of Sweets.





The Author now submits his trifling Performance to the Candor of his Reader, and leaves it intirely to his impartial Opinion, whether his designed Advertisement is or is not more exceptionable, than that first of all admitted into the *impartial boasting Gazetteer*.



THE

T H B

S N A R L E R S.

GODS how I laugh, to see such letter'd Elves,
 Big with the vast Importance of Themselves,
 Infer, reject, and with despotic Sway
 Retail, such paltry Stuff from Day to Day ;
 But should some smart wrote Pleasantry of Whim,
 Ask their Acceptance, " No it shan't be in."
 Justice demands the Charge must singly lay,
 You'd wish to have a *Snarler's* Name, 'tis *S—y*.

HERE had I paus'd, nor all unfit to fail,
 Ventur'd from Shore, without poetic Gale,

C

My

My ill-trim'd Bark,—but then this haughty Throng,
Of News-compiling Things, had stopp'd my Tongue,
Doom'd me to Silence, mock'd at my Chagrin,
And triumph'd o'er my Reason, and my Spleen ;
Forbid it Heav'n—avert it manly Pride,
Forbid it Reason, warring on my Side ;
That e'er such servile Fetters should impose
Such base, such abject Terms, no, I'll oppose
My utmost Strength, to crush these venal Foes ;
Who boast impartial Service to the Town,
But mark them well—they only mean their own ;
Their Self-respecting Interest is in View,
And if it profit them, they'll pleasure you ;
If not *contemn'd* by their *connected* Rule,
Oblivion's Rust shall eat the forward Fool.

PEACE to such Upstarts, who's dull leaden Brain,
A Dawn of Sense ne'er grac'd, who proudly vain

Of

Of their high *letter'd Office*, daily sit,
 And tho' devoid of Sense—yet judge of Wit,
 Dealing with *nice Sagacity* their Blows,
 'Gainst would-be Friends, encouraging their Foes;
 And as a further Proof of Head and Heart,
 Exposing in their daily Trash such Art,
 Such rotten Art of some base factious Pen,
 To puff vile Measures, and still viler Men.
 But what of this? They for their Country's Cause,
 Can feel no real Grief, nor heed her Laws.
 Tho' tramp'd on by mercenary Slaves,
 Who for depending Bread, extol State Knaves;
 And fawning upon Fawners, what they send,
 With most carniv'rous Gust, such Stuff befriend.
 As the cloy'd Press (tho' Surfeits daily spring)
 Would vomit forth, nor suffer to take Wing.

NAY, further yet, what Shame it is to see,
 Rais'd thus on high, the Flag of Infamy;

Peruse

Peruse a recent *Advertiser*; there
 A witling Printer's Judgment will appear;
 Mark, how he hangs up Majesty,—you'd swear
 The Mad-cap *Wilkes* return'd to Scandal's Chair;
 See how he glotes upon his Royal Fun,
 And hopes to lull our Reason with a Pun;
 Avaunt dull Sophister, I see thy Art,
 Thy Scrap-compiling-Wit—but doubt thy Heart;
 Learn what Respect to Majesty is due,
 The Bow is bent, the Shaft may wing to you;
 Honour thy King, nor let a Subject dare
 Presume to censure, what 'tis his to fear.

OUR glorious charter'd Liberty I see,
 And boast an equal Birth,—right to be free;
England's my native Land, I love the Spot!
 (May it long flourish when I'm quite forgot)
 But tho' our Liberty I dearly rate,
 Licentious Freedoms, are my deadly Hate,

Public Dec 7/10

What

What Plea, because our wholesome Laws provide
The subject Refuge 'gainst despotic Pride?
That with gigantic Stalk, in Mid-day Sun,
Scandal should lord it, under Mask of Fun;
And trampling upon regal Pow'r and State,
Not spare the Greatest, e'en amongst the Great.

So Great—so Good—so excellent in Mind,
Search the World o'er, his Equal where to find;
Watching his People, with a Father's Care,
Loving—belov'd, thro' Gratitude, not Fear,——
And yet, (Gods, what Apostacy of Heart!)
Some vile Detractors—in the snarling Art,
Dare e'en his perfect Character defame,
And damn themselves to everlasting Shame.

Too many Characters of putrid note,
(A very Shock to Nature but to quote,)

D

Are

Are here dispers'd about this bustling town,
For like the cormorant Sea, here All go down ;
Such Men there are, whose vile abandon'd Ways,
Furnish fit Fuel for a Satire's Blaze ;——
Some too I've shrewdly noted, but 'bove All,——
A certain One——whom we will *Hircus* call.

To human Nature, what a-pause—to see
Grey Hairs dishonor'd with such Infamy ;
Committing in the Face of Mid-day Sun,
Such flagrant Actions, as the Night would shun ;
Living a daily Lye to Gospel Truth,
Immers'd in Vice e'en from his earliest Youth ;
And to Religion what a publick Scorn !
The Wretch a Parson's made !—nay, hunts the Lawn ;
Impious, and vain, lur'd by his Patron's bait,
He fondly hopes to gain a Mitr'd State ;——
Right prudent, Sir, a Mitre would do well,
To veil the Sins of such an Infidel ;

Discard

Discard thy Punk—take my Advice—'tis true
I'm young — (thank Heav'n) but not so black as you ;
Throw off thy Trull—Gods how I blush to meet
Your *cassock'd, Sirship*, rumbling in the Street ;
When by your Side, to taint the ambient Air,
Sets *Pluto's* footy Dame—thy peerless Fair !
For Shame, give o'er this execrable Life,
Hie to your Country—mind your lawful Wife ;
For tho' I may'nt to *I——d* (here's your Fear,)
'The Winds must waft it, to the injur'd there ;
How *most consistent*, with thy Age and Gown,
You've sojourn'd here—a Pest to half the Town ;—
And can it be, that such a Wretch—so bold,
So resolute in Guilt, should ever hold
A Mitr'd Sceptre in his venal Hand,
Not to amend—but poison more the Land ?
Heaven sure shall wink, fair Justice fall asleep,
And Nature sick'ning at a Wound so deep.

Shall

Shall first give up the Ghost, e'er such a Deed,
(By which Religion will be sure to bleed)
Can be effected—sooner the Almighty Pow'r,
Avenging Crimes like his—contract his Hour;
Sweep him from Earth,—like Chaff before the Wind,
And (but a rotten Name) “leave not a Wreck behind.”
—Well, keen-ey'd Satire, how does *Hircus* bear
His Wounds expos'd by Truth's all-probing Air?
Does he feel deeply? Will he yet return,
And purge his Crimes by a sincere Reform?
Sooner shall Fishes leave their native Main,
To graze with Cattle on the verdant Plain;
Rather shall Wolves their savage Nature quit,
And Printers learn to judge of sterling Wit;
With prudent and respectful Caution keep,
A decent Course 'twixt Shallow and the Deep;
Sooner shall Royalty restrain the Pen
Of such licentious—Power—defying Men;

Fire

Fire and Water sooner shall agree,
Than *Hircus* ever join in Amity;
With Virtue's Call,—such callous Souls defy,
Impending Vengeance from an angry Sky.

GODS what an Age, how profligate and base,
Branding our very Nature with Disgrace;
All mutual Ties of Friendship are dissolv'd,
And Man (such is the present vicious World)
No longer trusts his Brother, Man,—but preys
Like the fell Monsters of the desert Ways;
Each on the other's Property—or Fame,
And damns alike his Reason—with his Name.
SELF is the reigning Principal confest,
Which rages with such Fury in the Breast;
The dearest Ties of Nature bind no more,
Father 'gainst Son exerts a hostile Pow'r;
The Son rebels against the Father's Sway,
And with an impious Rage, tho' bound to obey,

E

By

By all the tender the endearing Right,
Which instinct Nature e'en in Brutes excite ;
Yet He more savage than the brutal Race,
Can all parental Homage so debase,
And bring his ali'nated Mind, to dare,
His Author's Being, to an open War.
From this degen'rate Source arise the Woes
Of Party-feuds, *Britain's* intestine Foes ;
Oh, my poor Country ! tho' a tranfient Peace,
Has hush'd the Nations,——still thy Griefs encrease ;
The present Calm, but mars thy glorious Fame,
And heaps Disgrace upon thy honor'd Name ;
Better had *Mars* continu'd in Array,
And left the Issue to a future Day ;
Better had *France* ally'd with factious *Spain*,
Brav'd thy Resentment still, by Land and Main ;
More to thy Credit *England*,—more thy Boast,
Had even *France*, with an invading Host,
O'er-ran

O'er-run thy Borders with a fell Intent,
To add a Province of such rich Extent,
As *Britain's* Crown, to the despotic Sway,
Of a *French* King, whose Motto is "Obey."——
The loyal Subjects of thy *George's* Throne,
Had soon repell'd, and drove th' Invaders Home.
But now alas ! When the sweet Balm of Peace,
Should spread its genial Influence, and encrease
Our public Stock of Happiness,—behold,
(Curse to the venal Thirst of Pow'r and Gold)
Like a poor Matron, butcher'd by her Sons,
Our Country bleeds, from base internal Wounds ;
The Rage of Party, stabs her to the Core,
And Streams of Blood gush out at ev'ry Pore ;
Discord, and personal Abuse, employ
The Hours of Counsel, with malicious Joy ;
When in the Senate for the publick Weal,
All Hearts should glow with patriotic Zeal ;

When

When with *Catonic* Energy of Mind,
 Thought should be nerv'd with Sentiment refin'd ;
 A stupid Pause with Vacancy of Face,
 Destroys the wounded Lustre of the Place ;
 Till some invidious Party-foaming Elf,
 Rises—attempts—a Something——for Himself ;
 His falt'ring Tongue, betrays a venal Heart,
 If by Mistake he stumbles on a Part ;
 Which hints the public Good should be his Aim,
 (Despising ev'ry other Road to Fame)
 At this he starts—then to Abuse descends,
 Drawcanfir-like, attacking Foes and Friends,
 With Self-promoting Interest in View,
 He mangles all Respect——and Honour too——
 Sets the whole House into a Party Roar,
 Neglect ensues——and Times are——as before.

GODS, what a secret Triumph this must bring,
 To haughty *Lewis* and *his Spanish* King,

To

To hear tumultuous Jars, distract our State,
And that our Great combine against the Great;
Waring (with State-craft Interest at their Head)
Against our Peace, as if for daily Bread;
But all are not Apostates to the Cause?
No, some remain still careful of our Laws;
Still watchful for their Country's best Support,
Untainted with the baneful Pow'r of Court;
Who's Virtues, merit far superior Praise,
Than I can offer in my humble Lays.

O, ye brave Few, who love your Country's Heath,
Superior (as ye ought) to wordly Wealth;
Who rather, than behold her daily Bane,
Would sooner suffer a whole Age of Pain;
Go on, assert the glorious God-like Cause,
Unite as one—and but respect her Laws;
Success, (the sure Reward of virtuous Men)
Shall crown your Labors, and my grateful Pen,

F

Shall

Shall make, tho' but a faint Effay to tell,
What honest Rapture ev'ry Heart shall swell ;
When our dear Country, with herself at Peace,
Instead of Discord, shall a sweet Increase
Of mutual Love, and Fellowship unfold,
And to Content——revive the Age of Gold !
“ And gracious Heav'n, if thy Servant's Pray'r,
With kind Indulgence thou'lt vouchsafe to hear,
In thy good Time, produce this wish'd Reverse,
And banish far—for ever Party Curse.”

BUT soft—methinks I hear some whispering Friend,
Kindly advise my drawing to an End ;
And with forboding Speech, that chills my Hopes,
(Like the drear Bird of Night) with frightful Notes ;
Screams in my Ear,—presumptuous Youth no more,
Prudent in Time direct thy Bark to shore ;
Nor madly venture further out to Sea,
A Sea of Rhime—but never meant for Thee ;

No

THE SNARLERS.

No Pilot at thy Helm—but hear I smile,
 For I've a Muse in Petto all the while ;
 A little *Clio* of my own——so kind,
 And tho' but young, yet of a Form and Mind,
 So op'ning to Perfection,——that I swear——
 I would not quit her Patronage and Care ;
 Tho' all her Sisters * else——should offer Aid,
 I want no more,—she's all !—My charming Maid !
 But on my Friend, what further Dangers wait,
 The daring Fool, that shall presume to prate,
 And prate in Rhime, of Manners, and of Men,
 (Whose Actions would debase a Grub-street Pen)
 Say what the Perils are, the Rocks disclose,
 And save thy Friend, from his yet ambush'd Foes ;—
 Hear then and tremble——dread the keen Reviews,
 Their monthly Satire will attack thy Muse ;
 Thy favourite *Clio*, with malicious Rage,
 And probe Thee deeply, in their poignant Page ;

Pinion

* The Muses.

Pinion in Time, nor urge thy desperate Flight,
What tho' 'tis present Day, 'twill soon be Night;
Soon shall the gathering Storm eclipse that Sun,
Which now but gleams to partial Thee alone;
To soar is dang'rous in these snarling Times,
Quit then in Prudence, quit this Rage for Rhimes;
In humble Prose, thy slender Parts employ,
Nor hunt for Danger, which must sure destroy;
Peace good, Sir Prudence, what have I to care?
Why mention the Reviews, I cannot fear,
Tho' those Bush-fighting-Lurkers, Monthly write,
And scalp poor Authors with an envious Spite;
'Tis not for Me, a very Moufe in Rhime,
To think those learned Harpies will combine,
To feed on such insipid Food,—as mine;
The sturdy Oak, may dread the furious blast,
My reed will bend, and when the Storm is past,

Elastic

Elastic in itself will spring again—
Nor fear a Rupture, from these boist'rous Men !
In this I'm firm—let Candor shield my Muse,
Or if dissected by those fell Reviews,
Still, will I keep my Course—nor mean in Heart,
From what I've wrote, thro' servile Fear depart ;
Unlike a recent Bard whom I could name,
Who dead to ev'ry Sense of honest Fame,
Recall'd his publish'd Mind,—nay worse,
Upon himself the Stigma of a Curse—
Basely affix'd,—Gods ! that a noble Mind,
So strong, so nervous, and to Worth inclin'd,
Should by some strange Fatality of Heart,
Fall off, and dwindle to so mean a Part,
As to retract, and falter from Himself,
Whether thro' Fear of Law, or Love of Pelf
I know not,—but 'twas Slave-like poorly done,
And well may mar his Credit's Rising-run ;

G

Or,

Or, I mistake my Aim, or Satire's Pen,
Was meant to lash—such flagrant living Men
As *Hircus*, whom I've pictur'd in my Verse,
To Nature,—and Profession what a Curse !
But yet I hold it Cruelty of Heart,
To let meek Charity so far depart ;
As to expose, a *real Name* to view,
And brand it with the worst of Scandal's Hue ;
Could I do this, I would forswear the Pen—
Fly to the Defarts——quit the Sight of Men ;
Prowl there for Food, provide the Lion's Prey,
And think myself as Savage full as They :
Forbid it Heav'n, that such malignant Rage,
Should blot th' impartial Purpose of my Page ;
Let sweet Humanity, and social Love,
The darling Attributes of Saints above !——
Be ever present with propit'ous Sway,
My Guard by Night—my Happiness by Day ;——

Let

Let not foul Malice, with her venom'd 'Tooth,——
Pervert my Purpose, from the sacred Truth;—
Far——far remov'd keep Rancor from my Mind,—
“ I am a Man, and feel for All——Mankind.”
On this just Basis—I would raise a Name,
And emulate—a *Lloyd's*——or *Churchill's* Fame.

F I N I S

THE SILENT

Let not your silence, with her reason'd speech,
Reveal my purpose from this sacred truth;
For—let her know I keep her from my mind,
“I am a Man, and kill a Man”—
On this just title—I would trade a Name;
And call it—*Justice*—or *Calverley's Name*.

THE END